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THE
GENERAL-POST BAG;

OR,

NEWS!
Foreign and Domestic.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

LA BAGATELLE.



BY

HUMPHREY HEDGEHOG, ESQ.

Author of "Rejected Odes," &c.

[Pseud. of John Aggs]

Third Edition,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSTON, 98, CHEAPSIDE,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



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TO
LORD BYRON.

MY LORD,

As one of the Letters in the subsequent selection is addressed to your Lordship, and as the contents of several others may prove serviceable to you, inasmuch as they may be formed into the bases of future poetical effusions from your harmonious pen, I feel that I cannot do better, than inscribe the whole to your Lordship.

190974

Should the volume produce a couplet capable of giving you pleasure, this measure may be productive of *reciprocal* gratification. If not, the only satisfaction I can derive from my uncere-
monious intrusion on your notice, will arise out of this opportunity of publicly avowing myself,

My Lord,

Your admirer,

THE AUTHOR.

May 20, 1814.

PREFACE.



WITH respect to the manner in which I became possessed of the letters contained in this volume, I may be expected to say something by the way of Preface. In order that the reader may not be deceived, I shall endeavour to account for this circumstance, in the most laconic

terms I can command, in order to give a true illustration of the genuine *multum in parvo*.

Mail robbed—bags dropped—picked up by different persons here and there contents scattered about the country—took a journey—popped into a road-side public-house—eating and drinking heard curious conversation respecting letters found—pricked up ears—asked landlord meaning—a packet of letters found by rustics—might be purchased—poor people wanted money—glad to turn a penny—number, about a dozen—from high folks—about a pound might do—took hint—pound note—landlord go-between—got letters—evening's amusement—past midnight—read and laughed—determined to print—got home—sent for bookseller

—offered five pounds for them—refused—publish them myself—set printer to work—advanced ten pounds—wrote out advertisements—d——d papers would not insert them—felt vexed—consulted publisher—recommended patience—came home in ill temper—sat down and wrote preface—anticipated profits—thought should be content if passed through thirty editions—and netted a couple of thousands !

Thus much for the account of my obtaining these letters. If the reader should be disposed to quarrel with the style in which it is written, he can have no substantial reason for complaining of its length ; and as I am determined that he shall want evidence to convict me of any unreasonable tres-

pass upon his liberality and patience, I shall merely add my humble wishes that I may soon have the opportunity to address him again under the pleasing head of "*Preface to the Second Edition!*"

THE AUTHOR.

May 21, 1814.



PREFACE

To the Second Edition.



WHEN I promised myself the pleasure of addressing my Readers under the above title, it appears that I did not miscalculate upon the probable extent of the public indulgence, my publisher having already called upon me to fulfil my pledge. I certainly might reasonably have expected that the popular attention would have been so completely engrossed by

their foreign Majesties, and the whole *et cetera* of Cossacks and the other multitudes of the whiskered tribe which have done us the honour of a friendly visit since the publication of my first impression, that my little attempt to please the world would be unable to command any notice in the midst of such greatly superior attractions. I feel much flattered, however, that the contrary is the case ; and, cap in hand, with my best bow, *à la François*, I now step forward to say that I am by no means an unthankful bard ; and that if, as I have some reason to suppose, I have succeeded in making the public laugh at

my trifles, I will take an early opportunity of paying my respects again, in the hope of exciting a second smile, and of prevailing on my bookseller to give me another specimen of his literary talents, and a new sample of his hand-writing, in the form of
“Two Months after date, I promise
“to pay Mr. **** ***, or order,
“One Hundred Pounds for value re-
“ceived ——.”

THE AUTHOR.

London,

June 18th, 1814.

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THE
GENERAL POST BAG.



THE P—— OF OR—— TO THE P——SS CH——.



DEAR Maid, with a transport no words can express,

I read your intention your lover to bless ;
To illume with your presence this region of fogs,
And reign the sole Queen of the marshes and bogs.
Our Dutch belles, a mere race of Anti-Circassians,
As they can't wear your faces, make free with your
fashions ;

With stiff stays, and other grace-giving inventions,
Reduce their fat forms within English dimensions ;
Determin'd, whenever your Highness may come,
Even here at the Hague you shall still be *at home* !

Our masculine gender, indeed, my dear Madam,
So rudely are built, that if D'EGVILLE e'en had 'em,
Or VESTRIS, to mould them to pliable shapes,
They might find them, at best, but untractable *apes* !
In forming your Englishmen, Nature took pains,
Lightly rounded their heels, and dwelt long on their
 brains ;

But to check dull Mynheers from *ridottos* and reels,
She threw all *their* strength in their *bottoms* and
 heels !

But enough of these plodders :—so now to reply
To the packet I last night received by the *Fly* :
I grieve, my dear maid, that a fear should invade
That bosom which only for rapture was made :

And intreat, by the memory of that parting kiss
We fondly exchang'd, as the earnest of bliss,
Oh! dwell not—recall not your lorn mother's fate,
For you love unfolds a far happier estate ; .
Tho' the *parent-rose*, withering, declines its fair
form,
The *bud* shall bloom beauteous, protected from storm.

Your scribblers, who brandish their goose-feather'd
staves,
To batter down Princes, and bolster up knaves,
Oh! let not the spite of such impotent foes
Strike pain to the bosom where purity glows.
The balance of Europe let stoics adjust,
And guard the nice poise from each atom of dust,
Other subjects, my love, shall our moments employ,
To keep *equilibriate* the balance of joy!
The oracle *Whig*, that indigenious drone,
Who damns without scruple all plans but his own,

Would thwart us, (so great is his dread of communion.)

Because a staunch *Tory* suggested the union!

I, too, have political plodders about me,
 Who every day obsolete pages will quote me,
 Brimful of learn'd logic; but I, 'pon my life,
 Can see nothing there about me nor my wife.
 'Twas only last night that bed-ridden VAN BREAGH
 Held forth for two hours on the *Pragmatic league*,*
 To prove from tradition's old worm-eaten pages
 'Twas ever consider'd, by statesmen and sages,

* *The Pragmatic league*.—His R— H——ss here evidently alluded to a league entered into by several of the principal European States, in the early part of the last century, guaranteeing the integrity of the Emperor of Austria's territorial dispositions, provided the Arch-Duchess Caroline did not marry so as to aggrandize any of the great powers, and thus destroy the balance of power. This league was called the *Pragmatic Sanction*, and excited a great deal of discussion at the time amongst the most prominent political writers.

Editor.

As imprudent for love-stricken Princes to push on
For Hymen's silk noose without proper discussion.

"They were fools," said I, "VAN," cutting short
his dull story,

"Who neglected their own joy for national glory ;

"The dykes may be damn'd, the State sunk in per-
dition,

"Ere I would submit to so vile a condition!"

And why should we, love ! who were born for domi-
nion,

Submit to become the mere slaves of opinion ?

Shall we from the world be alone singled out,

For the breath of caprice just to buffet about,—

Mechanic automatons perch'd on a throne,

With neither a wish nor a will of our own ?

No doctrine so base could those servile times
shew,

When kings us'd to kiss the pontifical toe !

Apropos.—For your father's kind present from

DOLLONDS,*

I send in return twenty ankers of Hollands ;

* *Dollond's.*—I have only been able to learn, with respect to the present herein alluded to, that a very superb telescope, a pair of exquisite microscopes, six eye-glasses, and as many pairs of spectacles, were sent about this time to an illustrious order, which I have presumed to be the gift which gave so much pleasure to the noble personage. As we have never heard much of the political perception of the writer of this letter, nor of the wisdom of his councils, the present may probably have had some allegorical allusion, or might have been intended to assist the optical powers of the Prince and his Ministers. The idea may have been borrowed from the English poet,—

“ Get thee glass eyes,

“ And, like a scurvy politician,

“ Seem to see things thou dost not.”

Doubtless, the Dutch P——e understood the full value of the gift, and his felicitous adaptation of the present which he returned, to the taste of our MÆCENAS, may certainly be considered as a strong presumptive proof that he had derived no inconsiderable benefit from the first use of the potent glasses.

Editor.

Which I beg him to keep for his own special drink-
ing,

As a cure for the spleen, and preventive of thinking.
But as thinking and spleen grow so monstrously rude,
As oft at political feasts to intrude,
And sometimes at fêtes, spite of servants in waiting,
Invade noble bosoms to hold *tête-à-tête* in,
On reflection, perhaps, if your father extends
A dram now and then to political friends,
He may check thoughts unwelcome, keep memory
quiet,

And stupify conscience before she runs riot.
For statesmen have lately been qualmish, it seems,
Since L—P—L told his political dreams ;*

* *Political dreams.*—This is supposed to allude to the visionary alarms which the Premier is said to have experienced during the late negotiations at Chatillon, when his voice was lost in the discords of the Cabinet, and his nerves were most materially injured by the attacks of terror, lest he

The S—dm—thites piously swore, by the Lord,
Till Paris was sack'd, none should scabbard the
sword.

'Twas a notable scheme for your council to hit on,
And worthy, well worthy the spirit of Britain.

To you I transmit, for your dear approbation,
The work of an artist, the first of our nation.
My miniature picture superbly encas'd
In a good imitation of DUDDELL'S rich paste:
For our treasury chest was so pillag'd by BONEY,
That for genuine gems we in truth have not money.

should lose his situation, which for some days he endured. It is reported, perhaps on slight authority, that, so strong was the impression which his dreams made on him, that, on entering into the House of Commons one evening, he suddenly encountered a leading member of Opposition, and, in reply to the salutation of the latter, incautiously exclaimed— "Oh! I have had a miserable dream," &c. and had actually proceeded through some three or four lines of Clarence's sad relation, before he recovered his recollection.—*Editor.*

But let me indulge the fair flattering vision,
That your eye will not rest on the mean composition ;
But gaze on those eyes which affection declare,
And think 'tis the soul of thy lover speaks there.
Thy portrait to me, as the sun to the day,
Gilds serenity's face, and fades darkness away—
I kiss the dear lips, and enraptur'd confess
That inanimate art hath a magic to bless ;
I dwell on those cheeks where the lily and rose,
In blended perfection, their beauties disclose,
While fancy outstrips Time's mechanical flight,
And revels in scenes of extatic delight—
Then haste to the empire, from war's grasp yet
 bleeding,
A desert without thee, but with thee an Eden.

W—— O——.

LORD C——GH TO THE EARL OF L——L'



MY dear L——P——L,

I'm grown quite a fool,

Since my toil and my danger are over;

And, brimming my glass,

I jocundly pass

My toasts and *bon-mots* in the Louvre—

Now, JENKY, my boy,

Give up to your joy,

Get drunk, quiz the Whigs, and laugh hearty;

Soon let it be known,

A BOURBON's on the throne,

And glum looks the beast BUONAPARTE.

The great Russian bear
Has won, I declare,
The blessings of every Parisian :
I very much fear,
Bye and bye 'twill appear
He'll eclipse you and me in ambition.

He told me to-day,
His intention to pay
Very shortly a visit to London ;
Pray keep him, mind that,
From private chit-chat
With the P——E, or we all shall be undone.

Such lessons he'd read
From his own silly creed
As might shake us in G——E's good graces ;
For you and I know,
A very slight blow
Would tumble us both from our places.

He's an old-fashion'd wight,
And seems to delight
In ministers not overweening,
And fancies withal
The government stall
Is a stable that needs frequent cleaning.

And possibly he
With those may agree,
Who count not corruption a blessing;
Who, poor silly elves,
Would trouble themselves
Public wrongs to be always redressing—

You and I have agreed
On a far better creed,
And, oh! let no Vandal invade it!
Future statesmen will bless,
And our colleagues caress
The wise politicians who made it.

Purveyors of gold,
Since the state-purse we hold ;—
An office of care and vexation ;
We were simplest of men,
Not to dip now and then,
And take a just remuneration.

I hate that wild rant,
Mere political cant,
Which would make us account for each guinea ;
Such plebeian rules
The mind ridicules,
And who owns their power is a ninny.

Our women and wine,
Recreations divine,
If the fountain were chok'd would cease flowing ;
Since the national means
Turns our wenches to queens,
And keeps all our pipes ever flowing.

Who lives among pelf,
And helps not himself,
Is a fool in the true acceptation ;
Thro' toil and thro' trouble,
Pursuing a bubble,
That Will-o'-the-wisp, Reputation.*

But now, my dear honey,
To go back to BONEY,
A subject replete with acumen;
My hopes and my pride
Are ill satisfied
That Paris is not now consuming.

* *Reputation.*—Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving; you have lost no reputation at all, unless you report yourself such a loser.—*Shakespeare.*

Our wishes thus baulking,
What signifies talking
Miss PLATOFF will never be married ;
Since the fiend has got free,
’Tis most clear to me
The design of the war has miscarried.

Why d—nme, what think ye ?
This Elba, dear JENKY,
Is an island on Italy verging :
And here the arch-devil,
Still bent upon evil,
May strike out his schemes for emerging.

Had CZAR ALEXANDER
Been less of a gander,
And FRANCIS thought less of his daughter,
I had felt no strange dread,
Lest the sparing his head
Had prepar’d but the way for new slaughter.

Should those come to shame,
Who his life and his name
In a fit of benevolence spar'd him ;
Let them suffer alone,
The fault is their own,
That they had not more fatally snar'd him.

'Pon my soul, my dear lad,
'Twould have made me most glad,
And set all my wits in wilk racket,
To have seen the knave dance
From some platform in France,
Enwrap't in an iron-bound jacket.

The carrion crows then,
Of this mightiest of men,
Might have frequently pilfer'd a dinner ;
Shewing fortune her giving
Confines to the living,
And that e'en a dead Emp'ror can't win her.

And now for the better
Concluding the letter,
Remember me over your claret ;
Fill your glass to the brim,
And pledge it to him,
Who at fancy's feast gladly will share it.

C———GH.

Paris, April 30th, 1814.

P.S. Allow me to learn
If on my return
I may look to be hors'd by the mob ;
If not, my dear friend,
Pay some porters t'attend,
To drag and huzza by the job.

NAPOLEON TO LUCIEN.



Elba, May 9.

LUCIEN ! tho' once, by madness sway'd,
 I call'd thee fool and renegade,
 Now times are chang'd, and I have leisure
 Fairly my own exploits to measure,
 Methinks thou art in justice free
 To pay that compliment to me.

For think not, **LUCIEN**, I shall meet
 Contentment in this dull retreat ;
 If, hitherto, her home was here,
 I'll bid her seek a different sphere :

My soul, unchang'd, shall still essay
 Ambition's rugged mazy way ;
 Shall mount on memory's pliant wings,
 And govern tributary kings.
 When ravag'd memory yields no more,
 Fancy shall spread her flow'ry store :
 Shall paint a visionary reign,
 And give me subject kings again.

During my busier hours I mean
 To plan and cut a second Seine,
 And where a pleasant valley there is,
 I'll build a miniature of Paris ;
 A new Thuilleries I'll create,
 And station *gens d'armes* at the gate ;
 The veriest knave in all the land
 I'll cull, and call him TALLEYRAND ;
 I'll find a BERTHIER and a MURAT,
 To gain my island-court *éclat*.

A thousand little isles shall rise,
And stud my Seine with colonies;
And creeks, unknown to ocean's tides,
Shall notch their variegated sides,
Whence boats of cork their cobweb sails
Shall fearless open to the gales.
Thus, spite of England's endless hate,
Mine yet shall be a royal state;
"Ships, commerce, colonies," shall still
Acknowledge my imperial will;
I'll put my peasantry in training,
Their tott'ring brats shall learn campaigning;
Make steel and powder their delight,
 and teach them war from morn till night.

I'll build me forts, and from my mines,
Cast guns to fortify my lines;
'Stablish a spacious foundry soon,
And practise firing at the moon.

My largest river-isle I'll hit on,
 And give the spot the name of Britain;
 I'll bring my heaviest guns to play
 On the vile object ev'ry day;
 Keep up a constant cannonade,
 Till I have scorch'd up ev'ry glade;
 Till tree nor shrub be left alive,
 And nought but barrenness shall thrive;
 Bird, beast, and reptile, herding there,
 Shall in the general ruin share;
 And, 'ere my retribution sleep,
 I'll whelm the island in the deep.

I wish an Empress, still, my brother,
 Since, one son lost, I want another:
 The king of Rome, that luckless booby,
 Like me, has lost his regal ruby,
 And barter'd all a child's affection,
 For a base Grandpapa's protection.

LOUISA, too, so much belov'd,
Hath also from her duty rov'd,
And left me here, forlorn, alone,
Without a heir to Elba's throne.

Some friends of mine are now at work,
From the seraglio of the Turk,
To cull me out a lovely dame,
To raise some offspring of my fame;
But should I fail in my endeavour,
LUCIEN, my thanks are yours for ever,
If you'll contrive to steal a heir,
This island's future crown to wear.

Let him be weazel-fac'd and thin,
His bones half starting thro' the skin,
Tyrant in temper, and in mind
The veriest monster you can find;
Stranger to childhood's usual glee,—
The Devil's own *fac-simile* :

If such there be, like me design'd
To stand a scarecrow to mankind ;
Another one, from woman cleft,
Of all heaven's charities bereft ;
Who, from hell's dark abysses hurl'd,
Would dare to conflagrate a world,
And, with a rapture rarely felt,
Would mark all nature's systems melt,—
Hasten the precious prize to gain,
And send him here to rule and reign ;
For nothing less than fiend should rule
'Th' united realm of knave and fool.

I would avenge myself, but here,
Pent in a brief contracted sphere,
Till beams a brighter morn, I leave
My task of vengeance to achieve :
Fool was BERTHIER to think my ray
Perish'd when BOURBON won the day !

Fool to produce the poison'd drug,
And bid me dissolution hug!
No ! still to life I'll fondly cling,
Tho' a mere shadow of a King ;
Tho' from an Emperor dwindled down,
To wear a mean ignoble crown,
Still, with my mole-like operations,
I'll strike with terror mightier nations ;
And urg'd by universal hate,
Discord's wild shouts disseminate.
I'll nurse young discontents, and fan
Rank treasons in the breast of man ;
I'll quench my vampire taste with blood,
A carnival of royal food ;
Till ravag'd Europe shall again
Invite me to resume my reign !

Then with extended power possess'd,
I'll punish where I once caress'd ;

Evil will I repay for evil,
And, in my rage, outrage the devil.

NAPOLÉON.

P.S. During my leisure hours I have penn'd
A Diary, of which I send
A scrap, which perhaps may prove amusing,
But keep it for your own perusing.

—◆—
DIARY.

—○—
Monday.

HAD a pain in my head ;
Took my breakfast in bed,
Felt hippish and rather hysterical ;
Wish'd for one of my doxies ;
Rose and unpack'd my boxes,
And thought my dejection chimerical.

Took a bumper of brandy,
A mile or two stroll'd,
The beach was d——d sandy
The air was d——d cold ;
Found my head ache—turn'd back,
Got out of my track,
In an absent fit call'd out for BERTHIER ;
Then laugh'd at my folly,
Soon grew melancholy,
As I thought I'd no great cause for mirth here.

My walk was quite dreary,
I got home very weary,
From my window look'd out at the ocean ;
And saw very plain
A white flag at the main
Of a French man-of-war in full motion.
'Twas a heart-rending sight,
And *un-emperor'd* me quite ;

Not a morsel of meat,
 For my soul could I eat ;
 Liquor heated my brain,
 And made me insane ;
 So cursing my fate, above all men's most cruel,
 I thought it much best
 To go calmly to rest,
 With a good brimming bason of warm watergruel.

Tuesday.

Got up very languid and weak ;
 Could scarce handle my tea-cup, or audibly speak ;
 The pain in my head much abated :
 A *Moniteur* brought me,
 'Thro' each sentence that caught me,
 BOURBON all the fashion—
 Couldn't read it for passion,
 The accounts were so vilely mis-stated.

In the *Courier* and *Times*,
Read a list of my crimes,
D——n'd the writers for weathercock vanes,
Who would bask in the ray
Of their patrons to-day,
And to-morrow would blow out their brains

Yet these insolent papers
Quite gave me the vapours,
I grew cross, curs'd my *maitre d'hotel*—
The poor silly devil
Grew more and more civil,
And look'd pleas'd when I d——d him to h——l.
When dinner was over,
Began to recover,
Drank a bumper or two of Champaigne ;
The spirit ascended,
Till hope and joy, blended,
Resum'd their old seat in my brain.

Before day-break, half dead,
Was carried to bed.

Wednesday.

P.M. half-past four?
Couldn't sleep any more;
Took my breakfast of tea
In my hall of levee ;
Then receiv'd on their knees
My new Elbanese,

And assum'd many Emperor-like airs ;
Penn'd a long proclamation
Ordering great preparation
For the due celebration
Of the grand coronation,
Which should settle the island on me and my heirs.
Then issued decrees
To cut down the trees,
And pare down the mountains to valleys ;

That no obstacles rude
In my way may intrude,
When I make my excursive sallies ;
For, like the old Caliphs, 'twill form my delight,
To traverse the island *incog.* every night.

Gave a most princely feast,
Feign'd great jocularity,
To win popularity,
And made every subject a beast.

TOASTS—"The Tuscany Isle,"—

—" NAPOLEON the Great,

" With a soul that can smile

" At the malice of fate."—

" England and Russia,

" And Austria and Prussia,

" May the Devil speed post to destroy

" In earthquakes and storms,

" And all ruinous forms

" Overcloud all their prospects of joy."

'Twas the last and the best,
 And went round with such zest
 That none to resist it was able ;
 And AURORA found
 The guests gnawing the ground,
 And myself stretch'd at length on the table.

Thursday.

This day I began
 To sketch out a plan .
 As a base for a new constitution,
 To well regulate
 All matters of state,
 And open the lips of discussion.
 My ministers chose
 From the circle of those,
 Who this morning were found,
 In the purple stream drown'd,
 And gave to my friend the precedence in rank,
 Who so ardently gave, and so heartily drank,

“ Dismay to the nations which hunted me down,
And gave to a coward apostate my crown.”—

A senate created,

To them delegated

The power of modelling laws ;

Form'd a tribunal, whence

Trusty friends may dispense

Just justice enough to win public applause.

Made a *douanier* host

Build their huts round the coast,

And fram'd a new scheme of conscription,

To organize all,

Rich, poor, great, and small

Island subjects of every description.

Drew a plan of some docks,

Laid some ships on the stocks ;

Other nice regulations,

That this least of all nations

Might obscurity burst,

And rise to be first

Employ'd all my hours,
Till my physical powers
Requiring suspension,
I broke up the convention,
Then call'd my unrober,
And went to bed sober.

Friday.

Woke early—felt light,
Having pass'd a good night,
My mind was quite even,
Got my breakfast at seven ;
Read two hundred pages,
The details of those ages
When that great man of Rome, CINCINNATUS,
Dropt the government reins,
And went ploughing the plains,
Crying —“ Senators, *ohé ! jam satis !*”

This laudable sample
Of Roman example
Produc'd strong effect on my mind,
I at once grew forgetful,
And, from restless and fretful,
Became on a sudden resign'd.

Before noon I had found
A compact spot of ground,
Which I promptly determin'd to till and to sow ;
Thus throwing aside
My Imperial pride,
And changing my sword for the husbandman's
plough.

The ridges and stones
So batter'd my bones,
That I came weary home,
D——ning field, plough, and Rome ;

Agricultural machines are such curs'd awkward
things,

Only fit for the poor

Harden'd fist of a boor,

But never design'd for the fingers of kings.

My appetite, true,

Was sharpen'd anew.

I ate with a tiger's voracity ;

The servants, amaz'd,

At my gluttony gaz'd

With vile and disloyal audacity :

While thus sadly vex'd,

And sorely perplex'd,

Some petitions were brought me to read,

Kick'd petitions and prayers

To the foot of the stairs,

'The presenters decamp'd with all speed—

Then went to bed early,

Dev'lish sleepy and surly.

Saturday.

This day would I gladly erase,
Nor give in my diary a place,
Did I not possess, like the great CINCIN-
NATUS,

A spirit that scorns e'en a single hiatus ;
Since 'twas this ill-nam'd day
When, fool-like, my sway
I barter'd away,

}

And for France this mean island obtained ;
Now my Marshals, Gods ! how hard !
Denote me a coward,
Since I from self-slaughter refrain'd,
If those impious fools
Scorn'd morality's rules,
And fain would have rush'd on destruction ;
To me bounteous Heaven
More kindly has given
Some lessons of higher instruction.

So much do I dread
Dagger, poison, and bullet,
Not a hair of my head,
Nor the skin of my gullet,
Would I for the world disarrange ;
Nor spoil my complexion
With death's pale infection,
To save fifty empires from change.
Not that fear can incline
A great spirit like mine
To shrink from or shun the conclusion,
'Tis only Religion
Which makes me a pigeon,
And guards from temptation's delusion.
By LUCIFER fir'd,
Had I but desir'd
To gain mortal praise,
And had ended my days,
Without patiently waiting my time,
My mean pusillanimous crime

Had prevented, perchance,
The poor subjects of France
From bye and bye breaking fell slavery's chain,
And calling their Emperor to empire again !
Felt that tho', in some eyes,
I had acted unwise,
By surviving the loss of the Throne,
My firm resolution,
To wait a new revolution,
Gain'd me much of esteem in my own.
All day was not able
To stir from my table,
So lost in my own cogitations ;
Made great progress ere night
In a plan full of spite,
To disorganize neighbouring nations.

Sunday.

This morning, ere I left my bed,
A happy thought enter'd my head :

Which, acted on, perhaps may be
 A wise and powerful policy.
 I'll turn an anchorite, and pray
 To Heaven at least nine times a day ;
 Make every islander look quaint,
 And wear the visage of a saint ;
 I'll build a shrine, divinely fair,
 T' eclipse Loretto's past compare ;
 On Elba's most exalted rock,
 It shall defy the tempest's shock,
 And sailors, as they pass the bay,
 Shall daily there their homage pay :
 Pilgrims shall come, and when well warm'd,
 I'll have strange miracles perform'd,
 To shew them that 'tis Heaven's design
 To raise again my glorious line :
 Then, like the English RICHARD, I
 Will play my deep hypocrisy ;

Quench with salt tears each tutor'd eye,
And sigh and groan most audibly ;
Swear I hate crowns, and wish to dwell
At peace within the island dell ;
That 'tis for man alone I sorrow,
More changeful than an April morrow ;
Who, what he counts his bliss to-day,
Long before sun-set casts away :
Meanwhile my creatures, spread abroad,
Shall paint me scarcely less than God !
By well-tim'd hints obliquely thrown,
Make nations wish me for their own ;
Pilgrims shall bear these wishes home,
And bid their friends to Elba come :
On them the miracles shall work,
Jew, Christian, Infidel, or Turk ;
Till won by wishes kindly meant,
With feign'd reluctance I consent

To quit this enviable fate,
 And bear again the toils of state.
 Then I'll throw off the mask, and shew
 NAPOLEON is the world's worst foe !

Went thrice to Mass—confession read,—
 Came home—got drunk, and slunk to bed !



LOUIS XVIII. TO THE P— R—.



DEAR Brother and Friend !

When we parted at Dover,

I promis'd to send,

By the first packet over,

A few lines to say

If the PERIGORD party

Were many and hearty,

Or if the NAPOLEONS still carried the sway.

Good Lord ! had you seen

With what wet eyes and pressing,

Old, young, rich, and mean,

Ran to give me their blessing !

If I may judge right,
You yourself would have listen'd,
Till your own eye had glisten'd,—
Your own bosom throb'd with extatic delight !

To Paris I came,
Not without apprehensions
Lest some knave might aim
At my life and pretensions.
The Sardonic grin,
Masquerading the plizzes
Of the Senator quizzes,
Mon Dieu! made me tremble and shake in my
skin !

I thought of the fate
Of my poor predecessor,
Whose inj'ries, tho' late,
I will surely redress, Sir ;

I felt sudden fears,
Which arose out of measure,
Lest, revelling in pleasure,
The state superstructure should fall round my ears

That knave TALLEYRAND
Wore such sanctified features,
And led such a band
Of detestable creatures,
That e'en as they swore,
And prostrated their persons,
I look'd at the whoresons,
And griev'd for the wombs that such renegades
bore.

And then I could see,
If at mass, home, or walking,
Of ev'ry degree,
Men in all corners talking ;

And when a stray word
 Pretty near my ear travell'd,
 And their subject unravell'd,
'Twas always a theme I had better not heard.

Perchance 'twas some threat,
 Quite unfounded in reason ;
Some wish or some bet,
 Bordering hard upon treason :
Some oyster-girl's tongue,
 Unaccustom'd to quiet,
 Fond of noise and of riot,
And chaunting against me her Billingsgate song.

I need my Allies
 To keep Frenchmen in order ;
And think 'twere most wise
 They should not pass the border ;

But still should remain,
Lest the popular ocean,
By some new commotion,
Some newly rais'd tempest, be ravag'd again.

Come then, thou dear friend,
Whom humanity gave me,
Thy councils pray lend,
And those councils may save me.
Bring with thee, oh ! bring
The Marchesa, thy croney,
Whose lips, sweet as honey,
In beauty out-vie the first roses of spring.

And, oh ! could you find
Me a second Marchesa,
So lovely and kind
As your angel LOUISA,

Invite her to come,
To delight your poor LOUIS,
Than whom none more true is,
And make my good city of Paris her home.

Magnificent fêtes
Will I give for her pleasure,
And feed her with sweets,
Without end, without measure.
Her joy to enhance,
She shall sit at my right hand,
Form all my delight, and
I'll lay at her feet all the treasures of France !

For what is a crown,
If alone you must wear it?
And what is a throne,
With no angel to share it ?

For still I am flirty,
I love well-brimm'd glasses,
And sport with the lasses,
As gay as your changing LOTHARIOS of thirty.

Then come, my dear Prince,
And I'll meet you at Calais;
My love to evince,
The Thuilleries palace
For you I'll prepare;
And, respect to return you,
Throughout your whole journey,
My subjects *mustachios* and *whiskers* shall wear!

LOUIS.

THE DUKE OF C——D TO COL. M'M——N.



FOR your letter I thank you, my hearty good fellow,
 So pleasantly long and so meltingly mellow,
 So prettily chequer'd with *ego* and *ipse*,
 Methinks when you wrote it you must have been
 tipsy ;
 Your *t*'s double cross'd and your *i*'s never dotted,
 Your up-strokes so thick and so d—nably blotted ;
 I'm in charity bound, my dear friend, to divine,
 That your pen, 'stead of ink, you had dipp'd in your
 wine.

I thrive pretty well, as I feed like a glutton,
 'Tho' the beef is insipid, ill-favour'd the mutton.

The venison, 'tis true, affords passable prog,
And the brandy, believe me, is prime stuff for grog :
I would not exchange the Electoral port
For the finest old claret you have at your court,
So, 'twixt venison and brandy and wine, my dear
MAC,

At the moment I feel no desire to come back.
Besides, I have found here a few of the Graces
That inspire you with love if you look in their faces,
So that VENUS and BACCHUS together unite
To circle the moments with wreaths of delight.

At Gottenburgh, MAC, 'twas an excellent joke,
My whiskers, *à l'Anglois*, quite startled the folk ;
Incog. I paraded the streets now and then,
By the women was ogled, was quizz'd by the men.
One morning, a devilish impertinent Jew
Would have bought *stays* and *whiskers* for twenty
four *sous* !

At first I had *floor'd* the impertinent calf,
But reflection supplied a magnanimous laugh !
I was taken at Zell for an Afric baboon,
Or a non-descript being dropp'd out of the moon ;
A custom-house watch-dog, most rudely sagacious,
On the cut of my neckcloth must fain be loquacious ;
And swore that my boots, which a groom was un-
packing,
Had contraband tops and prohibited blacking !

These were evils, dear MAC, your own penetration
Will charge to my folly for hiding my station ;
But the times were so critical, things look'd so queer,
That, to tell you the truth, I was not without fear
Lest the sound of my name might have brought me
to danger,
While safety repos'd with the unnotic'd stranger,
So I made up my mind, tho' with no small concern,
To pocket the jokes which I could not return.

Pray tell me, my friend, what my mother is doing,
For much I suspect that some mischief is brewing ;
For C———GE came here, but a day or two since,
With an air and deportment which something evince ;
And, betwixt you and me, MAC, I think, I must own,
That my mother has sent him to pilfer the cr—— ;
That she favours him most, we are both well aware,
And would give him a sceptre, but split me a hair !
Tell GEORGE my suspicions—give B—Y a feeling,
And he'll ferret out what the —— is concealing ;
And if he indeed my ambition is marring,
We perchance may exchange a few lessons on sparing.

I'd willingly give him my claim, would he ask it,
But, d——n me, he shan't silyly bear off the casket !
Before you reply, ascertain how the nation
Would view my return, had I such inclination ;
If the Cornish election still sticks in their gizzard ;
'Tho' why should I value their feelings an *Izzard* ;

I can live on my pickings, my travels extend,
Nor ever want bottle, nor flatterer, nor friend;

By the way, I have pick'd up a widow bewitch'd,
And my sensitive heart the jade fairly has twitch'd.
A Princess by birth, I feel no hesitation
To give her a share in my fortune and station.
The mode being formal, I write to my brother,
And send by the same post a billet to mother;
Myself am determin'd to brave the world's sneer,
And at last to assume the hymeneal geer,
To meddle no more with intrigues and elections,
But solely obey all my *sposa's* directions,
To reform my bad habits, re-model my life,
And give all the glory to God and my wife!

Among other wonderful changes I mean
To turn Catholic layman to harass the —— :
In goodness I am but a mere Lilliputian,
And ardently sigh for a priest's absolution ;

That my feelings and hopes may be brighter and
sweeter,

And I may obtain the good will of Saint Peter.

A gloomy remembrance now hangs on my brain,
Which turns all my prospects and pleasure to pain ;
Which wakes all the day, and sleeps not thro' the
night,

And multiplies care and abridges delight,

And much would I give would the torment but cease,
And leave my poor memory to slumber in peace.

I always count bottles, when counting my sins,
As my conscience is rul'd by the strength of my bins ;
When I've plenty in store, her reproach is so meek,
The gipsey scarce throws in a whisper a week ;
But my wine and my liquors got low, out of spite,
She raves like a devil from morning till night.

Six pipes of Madeira—six hogsheads of stout,
Six puncheons of rum, as m stock is quite out,

Pray send me at once, my dull moments to cheer,
And 'on L———L draw, the nation's cashier ;
He will stand tightish draughts upon trifling pre-
tences,

And place them to credit of *secret expences*,
An *item* most kindly pass'd over each session,
To leave unrestrain'd ministerial discretion.

Farewell, my dear MAC, I've no time to say more,
I've been writing from three till three-quarters past
four;

Send the potables off by first vessel, don't fail,
And join me in prayers for a prosperous gale.

C———D.



THE DUKE OF CL—— TO THE P—— R——



DEAR Brother, I own I'm delighted
 To find myself kindly invited
 To take the command
 Of a squadron well mann'd,
 At a time when I thought myself slighted.

You know I am gallant and clever,
 And ready to do my endeavour
 For eating or fighting,
 Since both I delight in,
 And would fain be indulging for ever.

Too long have my amorous capers
Been a dish for the saucy newspapers ;
 Those vile scandal-breeders,
 To serve to their readers,
To chase hypochondriac vapours —

That a prince should be tied down by rules,
Is a lesson taught only by fools,
 And tho' a dull Stoic
 May count it heroic,
It is scouted in civiliz'd schools.

I know to our mutual thinking,
'Tis pleasant with beauty to link in ;
 But, surpassing all others,
 To us and our brothers
Is the pleasure of eating and drinking.

I own it, that, since my promotion,
I have not ventur'd much on the ocean;
For great men, in our creed,
To themselves should take heed,
Nor rashly run into commotion.

Neither navy or army, 'tis known,
Have been grac'd by the sprigs of the throne;
Brother FREDERICK, to danger,
Indeed is no stranger,
But he's welcome to all he has won.

But though honour and I, my dear brother,
Have as yet been unknown to each other,
A chaplet of fame
I'll bind round my name,
Which sha'nt disgrace father nor mother.

I'll make war on the coasters I meet,
And compel all the boats to retreat ;
 To the wave and the gale,
 Not a smack shall set sail,
Thro' the terror of me and my fleet.

I'll frighten the sharks and the seals
At the sight of my multiplied keels ;
 The dolphins and soals
 Shall fly us in shoals,
And the grampusses take to their heels

I'll dispatch all the mackarel to *quod*,
Destroy millions of herrings, by G—d ;
 And intrepidly sweep
 All the depths of the deep
Of their tenants, from cockles to cod.

Then, Sir, will I offer before you,
Rich trophies, unequal'd in story ;
Muscle shells and fish scales,
And the swimmers of whales,
To increase, Sir, your maritime glory.

From this plan of my naval campaign,
You will judge of my exquisite vein
For guiding a battle
With salt-water cattle,
And conquering Fame by a mere *coup-de-main* !

I trust this immense operation
Will meet with your high approbation,
And that you'll signify,
In your gracious reply,
When you wish me to be at my station.

CL——E

.

P.S. May I hope the Grand Duchess will deign
To approve the exploits of her swain,
And sweetly to bless
Him with nuptial caress,
When he comes back from scouring the main.



THE DUKE TO THE DUCHESS OF W———N.



Paris.

FRRIEND STEWART last night gave a ball at this
 place,
 The details of which I transmit to your Grace,
 To amuse a dull moment, when idly inclin'd,
 Or digest with your tamarinds after you've din'd.
 'Twas a motley assemblage of frippery and taste,
 Of *toupees* and *queus*, *rouge de Bourbon* and *paste*,
 Doorways and recesses, the crowd were so jamm'd
 in,
 A half-starv'd anchovy you could not have cramm'd
 in.

SIR CHARLES, in a contest, to no man will yield
And he carries a reel as he carries the field ;
He struck off with a frisky young flirt of sixteen,
A gay little Miss from the banks of the Seine ;
And went down the room with such elegant vapour-
ing,

You'd have sworn it was DIDELOT's self by the
capering !

After him came the CZAR, a good comely young
fellow,

And, to add to his merits, he seem'd somewhat
mellow :

Old NEY's wife he handled with such *non-chalance*
That *ennui* assail'd the young beauties of France.
Her husband pair'd off (an ill match, 'pon my soul !)
With the sweet little spouse of young W—LL—LY
P—LE !.

An awkward tall thistle, time-batter'd, and crazy,
By the side of a fragrant and fresh summer daisy !

Old BLUCHER pick'd out (Heav'n knows how he
caught her !

A sylph of thirteen, a fat Senator's daughter !

I could see now and then, by the damsel's wry
faces,

That he squeez'd her poor joints fairly out of their
places :

For the veteran, tho' grey with old age and hard
duty, [beauty.

Has a heart that still warms at the presence of
The whiskers of PLATOFF so barbarous appear'd,
His hair was so *outrè*, so bushy his beard,

That two or three times he had walk'd round and
round

Before the grim Cossack a *figurante* found,

Till Heaven, provok'd to see valour neglected,

A dame of threescore from the circle selected ;

And tho' a huge hump overlook'd her left shoulder,

There were some in the room more disfigur'd and
older :

And the Russian, well pleas'd with her air and her
style,

Relax'd his grim phiz, and led off with a smile !

TALLEYRAND, to his juvenile taste ever true,
Chose out a fair maid who was scarce twenty-
two;

As lovely as HEBE, as lively as Spring,
Who won, when she mov'd, the applause of the
ring :

The hoary old dotard his partner caress'd,
Her waist and her fingers alternately press'd ;
But while pressing and ogling with infinite glee,
He incautiously jostled my Lord C——LE——GH ;
Had his wish been supported by competent feet,*
He, perchance, had effected a graceful retreat ;

* *Competent feet.*—This must allude to the circumstance of
TALLEYRAND having club feet.—*Editor.*

So turning his eye to what most he adores,
He play'd with MASSENA a game at *All-Fours*!

In short, of all fêtes I have seen, I protest,
This seems to have been the completest and best ;
Yet one thing was wanting to make it to me
The perfection of all an assembly should be,
And that was thy presence, my love, to impart
Extatic delight to thy W———N's heart !

Adieu ! For the moment of meeting I pine,
To tell thee in person how much I am thine.

W———N

Paris, May 4, 1814.

THE Q—— OF WIRT—M——G TO HER M——Y.



DEAR Mother, I could wish to write
 That which would only give delight,
 But that I feel, upon the whole,
 Little dispos'd for hyperbole.
 You boast your fashion-crowded streets,
 Your splendid coteries and fêtes ;
 While I, a lorn degraded Q——,
 Reign o'er a desolated scene ;
 And only in the desert find
 The track which war has left behind.

You, Mother, bask in health and riches,
And rule the state, and wear the breeches ;
Plan all the laws your spouse decrees,
And place and pension whom you please,
While I, unhonor'd, only stand
The highest *subject* in the land.—
The vassal of a ty——t lord,
A d—p—t, hated and abhorr'd !

Your English papers, (fictious pleasure !
Which lures but disappoints my leisure,)
From morn to night I rummage over,
Your occupations to discover ;
Your morning rides and evening pleasures
My cruel memory always treasures :
And then, with ruthless zeal, displays
The record of my wretched days.

Thanks for your gentle invitation,
Which suits too well my inclination ;

My wish was seen by TOMMY T—W—T,
Who scarce would hear my lord defer it;
And he so pressing grew, and zealous,
That, 'ere he ceas'd, the K—— grew jealous.

How happy had I been once more,
Fondly to press my native shore,
To pour into a kindred ear
My gloomy narrative of care,
And weep to eyes that lov'd a tear;
To wander where I us'd to roam
When youthful joys endear'd my home;
I felt the wish within me rise,
And sparkle in my glist'ning eyes;
A lurking hope I strongly cherish'd,
But hope and joy alike have perish'd.

Yet to my mis'ries unresign'd,
I sigh my sorrows to the wind,

I grieve that such a wretch as me,
Mock'd with the name of majesty,
Should stand a butt for cruel fate,
To catch her sharpest darts of hate.

Mother, adieu! your daughter's pray'r
To Heav'n her filial love shall bear;
Pray, in return, that her weak mind
To fate's decrees may bow resign'd.

C———E.

LORD V——TIA to LORD B——N.



DEAR E——N, it glads me to hear
 Of your rapid and glorious career ;
 That, gay and content in your tether,
 Your muse and you pasture together,
 And by means of good puffing and tricking,
 Contrive to find out a good picking.

I hail your magnificent spirit,
 Which seconds so nobly your merit,
 That, while other bards sluggishly ramble
 O'er Fame's slipp'ry road in an amble,

You, noble in mind and in practice,
(The booksellers know such the fact is,)
Scamper over the wits of the town,
And seize, at full gallop, renown.

Your themes keep up a monstrous pother,
So quickly one succeeds another.
I sometimes think it scarcely fair,
As subjects must in time grow rare ;
You thrive by this monopoly,
While less exalted poets die.

But (for the more concise the better)
Now to the subject of my letter ;
I send herewith a marble vase,
With hieroglyphics on its base ;
The prize I wrested from a knave,
The porter of a bandit's cave,
Who, issuing thence at close of day,
Had mark'd me for an easy prey,

But I oppos'd, and in the strife,
The luckless thief resign'd his life—
“Whence,” said I, “wretch, this urn you bear?”
—“I stole, sir, from lady fair;
“Who said, from holy land she bore it,
“And wept and pray'd me to restore it;
“No doubt there's gold”—The rising phlegm
Proke off the robber's apothegm;
He died—I op'd the vase and found
A heart transfix'd with many a wound;
And on it pinn'd a Grecian label,
Which to decypher I was able—
And thus it ran—“'Twas woman slighted,
“Who thus her faithless swain requited!”

Take it and harmonize it well!
Methinks this little tale would sell;
Give it a polish, and your name
Will carry consequence and fame:

Well puff'd and christen'd (there's the point !)
'Twill put CHILDE HAROLDE out of joint.
You'll call it, perhaps, "The Urn of Greece,"
And give a finish'd frontispiece ;
I for some hundreds have commissions,
And guess 'twill live out twelve editions.
Your name is fashionable grown,
'The town will nurse the child *you* own.
Whate'er their merit—good or bad,
Your lordship's poems must be had,
And where ten purchase them for reading,
A thousand buy to show good breeding !

But mind, my lord, I gain'd the urn
In a thick forest near Lucerne—
A gloomy spot, sublime, poetic,
Suited so well to theme pathetic—
High mountains—cataracts—vast ridges—
Masses of rock—tremendous bridges—

Trunks lightning-scath'd, and branches riven,
Thrusting their leafless arms to Heaven,
Oh! could I to your fancy show it,
As it fir'd me, 'twould fire the poet,

Be prompt, my lord, appreciate duly
This *jeu d'esprit* of your's most truly,

V——A.

P.S. If the work takes, 'tis my desire,
That your's should be the fame entire;
But if you make some money of it,
I'll not object to share the profit.



SIR HUMPHREY D—Y TO EARL ST—N—PE.



My Lord, your very learn'd oration*
 On ignorance and education ;
 The happy instances you quoted,
 All which I carefully have noted ;
 And what report has brought to me
 Of your rhetoric energy,
 Prove that research and due digestion
 Had made you master of the question ;

* *Learn'd oration*.—Alluding, I suppose, to his Lordship's eccentric speech at the late Lancasterian meeting, at the Freemason's Tavern.—*Editor*.

And that you felt (Heaven bless your kindness!)
Truly ashamed of human blindness.

In truth, my Lord, 'twas apropos
From legendary facts to show
That scarce three centuries ago,
My Lord, the bishop (luckless omen!)
Couldn't subscribe his own cognomen —
A fact which plainly prov'd the nation
Was far behind in education.

Your speech was truly academical,
Would that it also had been chemical!
For you must be aware, my lord,
How much remains to be explor'd
In that most beneficial science,
Which with true wisdom claims alliance.
'Tis woeful to find mortal men
Who never heard of oxygen,

Who hold not FOURCROY's maxims dear,
And never studied LAVOISIER.
Reading, my Lord, is but a key
T' unlock the doors of chemistry;
Where vast *arcana* treasur'd lie,
To glad the wise exploring eye.

Give me, my Lord, your countenance,
And I'll come presently from France;
Raise a subscription—build a college,
And give new feet and wings to knowledge:
I'd have the children taught to read
The chemic catechism and creed;
And, by a mode most mild and placid,
Difference 'twixt alkali and acid.
I'd force the urchins to be wise,
Make them so nicely analyze,
That they should tell before they eat
What compounds constitute their meat;

Whene'er they walk'd they should declare
What the predominating air —
How much oxygenated gas
Is center'd in a blade of grass ;
And if a zephyr incommoded,
Whether with health or mischief loaded !

My Lord, I'm sure you will agree
In all these rudiments with me ;
I feel you'll second my design,
All human nature to refine ;
To chase the barb'rous night away,
And introduce the dawn of day.
My wish to teach mankind so great is,
I'll lecture to the college *gratis*.
I have but little means to spare,
And that I husband for my heir ;
And, in my continental route,
I've been so cross'd and toss'd about ;

So little have I been respected,
So foil'd in all that I expected ;
That, on my soul, my discontent
Boils over at the continent ;
No scions thence will emanate,
So I'll e'en leave 'em to their fate ;
No more endeavouring nor caring
To cherish barrenness to bearing,
And yielding up my weak desire
To graft a nectarine on a briar.

Adieu, most honour'd Lord !—God save ye,
Your most obedient

H——Y D——Y.

THE

P— OF O— TO THE P—SS CH— E.



Too cruel maid! and must it be
 That I must yield all thoughts of thee;
 Sit on a solitary throne,
 And eat and drink and lie alone?

Zounds, I won't bear it!

If you won't share it,
 Some kinder fair shall win my crown.

All that a lover could, I did,
 Bore, without chiding, to be chid,

And sigh'd, and swore, and pray'd, and wept,
And morn and evening vigils kept
And, sleep forsaking,
All night was waking,
Or teaz'd with visions if I slept.

I swore I love, and lov'd to swear
To thee the fairest of the fair ;
To hear thy lips in sweet reply,
And mark thy dear responsive sigh ;
These days are over,
A wand'ring lover,
Unhappy, lorn, and lost, I fly.

And whither shall I rove to see
Another maid so chaste as thee ?
Dad thought to join your house and our's,
To blend our kingdoms and our pow'rs,
Our title strengthen'd
Might thus be lengthen'd,
Nor France come *waltzing* round our doors.

But since, dear maiden, you ordain,
That Dad and I shall plan in vain,
How to preserve our pedigrees,
And France may eat us if she please,
I'll pay devotion
To some fair Russian,
A branch of Petrovitzan trees.

Oh! what avail'd my doubts and fears!
I might have sigh'd and wept for years;
And all the stream of sorrow spent,
Had still remain'd thy merriment,
Tho' to thy pleasure,
My heart's best treasure,
Each action of my life was bent.

I'll not be made your butt. I'll go!
I'll play the fool no more—No—no!
Still moves thy image as I move,
Pursuing still where'er I rove,

O'er valley, mountain,
Dam, dyke, and fountain,
I cannot turn my back on love.

Take me again, dear maid, and try ;
Sweeting, let not thy lover die.
Recall me to your isle again,
Dispel my sorrows, heal my pain,
Make my cares vanish,
And bid me banish
Despair, and love no more in vain.

Then hist'ry should record the loves
Of us the royal turtle doves,
And point to times remotest day,
How thro' life's path we went our way,
Happy together,
Tied in one tether,
By love, that never knew decay.

Should this not melt thee, maid, why then
I am the most forlorn of men,
And if I hang myself to prove
How very desperately I love,
 You must not wonder,
 If, arm'd with thunder,
My ghost should call at Windsor Grove.

W—— O——.



THE

DUKE OF C—— TO COL. M'M——N.



DEAR MAC we took the vow last night,
 And still are nervous from the fright;
 Henceforth we'll lay upon the shelf
 The follies of our glorious self,
 And dedicate our future life
 To our new empire and our wife.

Our spouse, whose mild and charming sway
 We must implicitly obey,
 Hath revolutioniz'd our face,
 And put our whiskers out of place:

Our shape too she hath rectified,
Setting our royal stays aside ;
And, with a view to make us thinner,
Gives us spring water with our dinner ;
But, like MESSIAH's look divine,
Her smile can make the water wine !

Thro' our past follies, worthy MAC !
It stings us sore to travel back.
To call to memory again
Those scenes, replete with shame and pain,
When we our royal self let down,
The Sancho Fanza of the town ;
When men and boys, vile scurvy band,
Wagg'd their base tongues at C——l—d ;
Heedless of royalty or reason,
The mis-begotten spawn of treason.
When we return, the town shall see,
A dazzling mass of majesty ;

A PHŒBUS, tho' of earthly genus,
And by his side a mortal VENUS,
A dame as beautiful as thrifty,
Altho' but little short of fifty ;
Her eyes the colour of the sloe,
Her bosom fair as driven snow,
Her looks of love, so sweetly tender,
Some friendly seraph deign'd to lend her.
And, as she meets my warm embrace,
The hue that dyes her angel face,
Would shame the carmine tint that glows
In th' half-budded blushing rose,
Oh ! could you see her, MAC, undress'd,
You'd count us most of princes blest,
For beauty makes her choicest bow'rs,
Remote from every eye but ours.

Aye, MAC, this great, this happy marriage,
Hath alter'd both our mind and carriage,

We are no more the giddy rake,
Anxious of lewdness to partake,
Seeking t' associate out of doors
With ready pimps and worn-out — ;
The brothel's charms no more invite,
To wanton thro' the flying night :
No longer forced abroad to roam,
We have our fill of joy at home.

When leisure offers, we shall seize it,
To pay our native isle a visit ;
Prepare then not to see a blade,
Bewisker'd, painted, and *be-stay'd*.
For, by our spouse's sage decree,
Having left off this mummury,
We, a regenerated elf,
Are most unlike our former self.
Inform Saint Stephen's loud declaimers,
A set of mannerless defamers.

To hold their tongues, and make no clatter
About that devilish Cornish matter,
'T would be uncivil to make strife,
Between our royal self and wife;
And, if I made the borough rotten,
'Twas a slight fault, and best forgotten.
Farewell, dear MAC, I'm tir'd of writing, —
LOVE calls to labours more inviting.

C——.



THE
EMPEROR ALEXANDER TO THE P—— R——.



DEAR Coz. when you and I at Brighton,
Resolved to humble France or fight on,
To crown supreme the British navy,
And make the Yankees cry *peccavi*,
In that sweet moment, melting mellow,
We little thought, my dearest fellow,
How hard to reach that *via lactis*,
And bring our theories to practice.

Your energies, beloved couzin,
By sea and land seem sadly frozen;

And TALLEYRAND, that old intriguer,
Your acts doth constantly beleaguer,
Swearing 'twas marvellously savage,
Such towns as Washington to ravage—
“ Had you,” said he,—“ great Russian CZAR,
“ On this vile plan conducted war,
“ We now had mourn'd the loss, I trow,
“ Of our Saint Cloud and Fontainbleau.
“ Your English SCIPIOS and HANNIBALS,
“ Are more like Otaheitan cannibals ;
“ And wish to stretch their fiery rod,
“ And wither all the works of God”—
—“ No, TALLEY, no !” says I—“ their plan,
“ Is but to singe the works of man.”

But, truth to say, this mode of fighting,
Is what I take no great delight in :
I love the honourable mode,
The plain, the broad and beaten road,

Boldly to fight the foe we meet,
But wage not war with house and street,
Revolve this method, dearest brother,
And then, methinks, you'll find another ;
And grant, there's much superior glory,
In melting troops than towns before ye.

As to your navy, have no fears,
I've known old TALLEY for some years ;
A mean, deceitful, cunning elf,
Fix'd to no principle but self ;
Ah ! spider-like, remote, alone,
Jealous of all, a friend to none,
He sits, and like an envious devil,
Weaves morn and night his webs of evil,
And with unceasing vigor plies,
His skeins to tangle royal flies,
Yet let not doubts nor fears pervade,
That jovial breast for friendship made.

I've read, dear Coz. with strange surprize,
(The English papers tell such lies,
I scarcely could the scandal credit,
But call'd it *gammon** when I read it,)
That you the temple have knock'd down,
That glorious hobby of the town :
I also read that brokers' carts
Have carried off those sacred parts,
Which, kept an age or two with care,
Had been accounted relics rare,
And, but for these base Gothic Bruins,
Of much more worth than Grecian ruins.

Coz. Coz. ! it cannot be, that you,
To taste and feeling once so true,

* *Gammon*.—Although the word may sound unkingly, be it remembered, that his Majesty in this country associated with personages fond of *cant* terms, and perfectly and practically acquainted with the *slang dictionary*.—*Editor*.

After such waste of toil and pains,
Should thus decree this first of fanes
(Beset too as you are by croakers,)
To profit auctioneers and brokers !
You cannot be the prince, I trow,
That rul'd some sixteen weeks ago.
Some other has engross'd your throne,
With qualities unlike your own ;
Rouse, Coz. and break this puppet's head,
And clap my crony in his stead.

ALEXANDER.

Vienna.



LA BAGATELLE.



THE LAST FRIEND.



“ Now, Sire,” said IBRAHIM, on entering the tent, .

Where NAPOLEON despondingly grumbled—

“ Tho’ Fortune a d——d surly message has sent,

“ Yet let not your spirit be humbled.

“ My sabre I’ve sharpen’d, and want but the word,

“ To strike at the root of your sorrow,

“ If the sword has distressed you to-day, let the
sword

“ Be the friend of your heart ’ere to-morrow.”—

“ Anan,” said NAPOLEON, “ I don’t comprehend

“ The meaning of all this palaver;

“ Dost think my career is thus destin’d to end,

“ Like the flight of a brief semiquaver ?”—

“ Remember your honor - remember your fame!”—

“ D——n honor and fame !” replied NAPPY ;

“ My resolve, my good friend, is to outlive my

“ shame,

“ To study,—reform,— and live happy.”

—“*Tant pis !*” cry’d IBRAHIM, “ I thought you
“ too great,

“ To survive this tremendous disaster ;

“ But since you want spirit to counteract fate,

“ I’ll call you no longer my master !”

—“*Tant mieux !*” said NAPOLEON, half-choaking
with passion,

“ Bear elsewhere your obsolete notions ;

“ I prefer a small island and limited ration,

“ To pistols or daggers or potions.”



THE SCOT'S CONSOLATION.



As the gallant *Undaunted* the Corsican bore,
Close under the shadow of Elba's rough shore,
The startled inhabitants, scard and amaz'd
From the rock-crested beach on their new monarch
gaz'd—

Says BONEY to CAMPBELL—" 'tis cruel behaviour
" To compel a great Emperor to dig his own grave
" here,
" 'Tis for *thieves* and for *felons* a fit rendezvous,
" But poorly adapted for me and for you."—

'Tis for *thieves*, &c.—Elba is the Botany-Bay of Tuscany,
whither all malefactors are transported.

—“ Hoot awa, mon !” says CAMPBELL, “ give over
“ repining,
“ Let’s have none of your sighing and whimpering
“ and whining ;
“ Tis the most proper place for a bravo, d’ye see,
“ And you and the people will soon well agree ;
“ Let me have you but once into harbour escorted,
“ And subject and king will alike be *transported!*”



THE MS.

OR HOW TO MAKE A BLAZE.



“ IVE got a work,” says DICK, “ to print,

“ With so much warmth and talent in’t,

“ ’Twill all the letter’d world amaze,

“ And set the kingdom in a blaze.”—

—“ Have you?” says NED, “ Oh, lucky lout!

“ Be speedy then, and bring it out.”

—“ Those publishers,” says DICK—“ G— d——n

“ ’em!

“ Unless with money you can cram ’em,

“ Be your work ne’er so full of spirit,

“ Will never print it for its merit,

-
- “ And I just now can’t freely bribe
“ The mean, illiterate, senseless tribe !”—
“ *One* may be so, my angry cousin.”—
“ *One!* d——n me, DICK, I’ve tried a *dozen!*
“ This booby cried, ‘ ’Tis written well,
“ ‘ But, nothing, Sir, just now will sell!’
“ ‘ Sir,’ said another paper-scul,
“ ‘ Upon my word we are so full,
“ ‘ That, much as I admire your genius,
“ ‘ No business can be done between us.’
“ A third, ‘ Oh, ’tis original stuff,
“ ‘ We have originals, *quantum suf.!*
“ ‘ Had it been decent compilation,
“ ‘ It might have met my approbation!’
“ ‘ Trade is so dull,’ a fourth replied,
“ ‘ I’ve lost by ev’ry thing I tried;
“ ‘ I’m sick on’t, and, to be sincere,
“ ‘ I mean to print no more this year!’
“ ‘ Zounds, Sir!’ a fifth exclaim’d, ‘ Heaven bless us!
“ ‘ We’re surfeited with these MSS.;

“ ‘ Can’t read—much hurried—little leisure;

“ ‘ I’ll sell it for you, Sir, with pleasure.’—

“ A sixth—” —— “ Enough,” cries DICK, half-frantic,

“ Send your d——d work across th’ Atlantic.”—

“ Ecod,” says NED, “ ’tis strictly true,

“ A friend tried Philadelphia through;

“ Boston, New York, and Baltimore,

“ And all th’ United cities o’er :

“ Carriage and freight cost near five pound,

“ And devil a customer I’ve found !”—

“ Well then,” says Dick, “ as all these ways

“ Have done but little towards the blaze,

“ There’s but one mode how what you wrote is

“ Likely to catch the public notice.”—

“ Is there one way ?” cries anxious NED,

“ Thine, DICK, is a prolific head ;

“ Name it, and, by th’ Heavenly Nine,

“ The profit shall be solely thine !”—

- “ No, no, dear NED, I want no price,
“ So take both profit and advice ;
‘ And would you do as I desire,
“ Light it, and set St. Paul’s on fire!
“ Though you have fail’d so many ways,
“ ’Twill make at last a decent blaze ;
“ Establish both your work and name, —
“ And ’tis your only chance for fame !”



TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME POETRY
ON HER.



OH ! sweet is the music which beauty inspires,
And sweet is the song of the soul ;
When the brain is illumin'd by the heart's glowing
fires,
And the Graces the subject controul !
You ask a poor bard all your charms to rehearse,
And the task would chill Apathy warm ;
But no pencil can picture, nor pen paint in verse,
What a God must have studied to form !

The poor silly insect that thoughtlessly plays
Round the flame which is pregnant with fate,
While, lur'd by its lustre, is scorch'd in the blaze,
And feels the fell danger too late,—
So the poet, presumptuous, who dares to pourtray
The likeness of charms such as thine,
Must inhale the strong poison that lurks in the lay,
And wound his own heart with the line!

THE DYING MAID.



“ **A**LAS!” cry’d lovely ROSABEL,

“ The pain of dying who can tell ?”

“ Pho !” said her mother, “ silly dunce !

“ I pass’d the operation once ;—

“ The mortal blow once fairly giv’n,

“ Then all that follows it is —*Heaven !*”



THE ROSE-BUD.



THE beauteous rose-bud, doubly blest,
Bloom'd it's hour on CHLOË's breast ;
Then feebly hung its drooping head,
Its strength decay'd, its lustre fled :
In all its beauty first it shone,
Then pin'd to see itself outdone.



THE MISANTHROPE.



I SAUNTER'D thro' the lonely dell,
To visit CYNIC'S mossy cell ;
His aim was solitude ; his plan,
Eternal enmity to man.
I found him stretch'd beneath a willow,
On flow'ry bed and heather pillow ;
Close by his side a seraph lay,
More lovely than the vernal May,
The anchorite woke—transporting bliss!
I saw him steal a honied kiss ;
Dwell on the angel's countless charms,
And clasp her in his doating arms.

“ Cease, wretch !” I cry’d, “ those beauties spare ;
“ Hold ! on your sanctity, forbear !
“ Or boast no more to Heaven and me
“ Of penance and misanthropy !”
“ Fool !” cry’d the philosophic knave,
“ I take but what an angel gave ;
“ And if I swore to herd with no man,
“ The vow extended not to—*woman* !”



TO A LADY.

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION, "HOW LONG WILL YOU
CONTINUE TO LOVE ME?"



SEE'ST thou yon moon, whose silver range
Circles this planetary sphere ?
A thousand moons shall rise and change—
Thy HENRY still remain sincere.

Those orbs, the diadem of night,
Shall quit their course and fade away,
Ere CHLOE's form yield less delight,
Or HENRY's ardour feel decay.

The sun shall quench his rays, and stand
Unnotic'd in the noon of heaven,
Before, dear girl, this plighted hand
Shall from its sacred pledge be riven:

No more, in tuneful order rang'd,
Shall systems roll and seasons flee,
Before thy HENRY, still unchang'd,
Shall steal a single thought from thee!



THE FRACAS.



HONOR doth sometimes strangely bend,
And from its chair of state descend,
To play a part in common life.—
Two members of a certain place,
Where gain is better priz'd than grace,
Famous for ruthless deeds of wordy strife,
While settling business of the nation,
Resolv'd, by way of variation,
To introduce a slight *fracas*,
To shew themselves above mere men of straw !

But from that disagreement who can tell

What dire mishaps befel?

SIR POMPOUS, fond of spirit as of turtle,

Most *independently* began the hurtle.

“ Zounds ! MR. BOBADIL,” says he, “ you lie ;

“ You know ’tis false, I’m very sure you do !”

—What’s that, SIR POMP.” says BOBADIL—“ I —

“ I——

“ I tell a lie ! Then, d——nme, so do you !”

Then, like the son of PELEUS, proudly great,

The herald of his wrath he pois’d on high—

A moment paus’d, then angrily let fly

A loaded ink-stand at SIR POMPOUS’ pate.

SIR POMPOUS, fix’d with wonder and with dread,

Beheld the danger which assail’d his head,

The jeopardy of neckcloth, wig, and frill,

Made poor SIR POMPOUS’ blood run deadly chill ;

While yet SIR POMPOUS, mute with terror, gap’d,

Fortune stepp’d in, and frill and co. escap’d.

As danger vanish'd, fir'd with high disdain,

SIR POMPOUS quickly was himself again:

On his right hand

Another massy glitt'ring stand

Convenient met his eye ;

Without a momentary thought,

The angry Baronet up caught

And let the murky missile fly.

Fortune to poor SIR POMP. in turn untrue,

Chang'd sides, and made the ink-stand fly askew.

Then rose a wordy war most fiercely rag'd,

Parties on either side stoutly engag'd ;

Beaux, whose pale phizzes were well smatter'd,

Trowsers and waistcoats too, with ink bespatter'd,

Join'd in the glorious fray ;

Till poor Sir POMP. his weighty paunch o'ercramm'd,

While venting forth his last oath, " I'll be damu'd,"

Felt all his waistband-strings give way :

Then ev'ry member was convuls'd with laughter,
Terror first reign'd, and ridicule came after;
 For to each honourable nose
 A strong effluvia quickly rose,
Which ended both the battle and the meeting,
And sent each Grecian home with *half a beating!*



THE COLLOQUY;

OR, WHAT IS LOVE?



WHEN the swell of the bosom is rapid and high,
And the heart, indispos'd, feels relief in a sigh,—
When the throb of the pulse by wild tumult is sway'd,
And what most you'd conceal is most often betray'd,
Oh! say is this love?

When drowsy and dull looks the gossiping eye,—
When reason grows drowsy, and prudence gets
shy,—
And the thoughts, like wild rebels, disdaining con-
troul,
Lead to one darling theme the subordinate soul,—
Oh ! say, is this love ?

What means this fierce fever which scorches my
brain,

That feeds on my pleasure, and multiplies pain ?

Midst a tumult of feeling, a tempest of sighs,

Methinks my poor heart in a whisper, replies,

Alas ! this is love !



THE KOOLAHS AND THE KANGAROO.

A FABLE.



NEAR Paramatta's infant bounds,
Where yet the earliest axe resounds,
Forests in awful grandeur rise,
And shew no limits but the skies ;
A dark, impervious, dreary space,
Th' abodes of nature's rudest race ;
There swarthy nations launch the spear,
And grovel in their native sphere ;
To brutes, by fellowship, allied,
Uncheck'd by reason or by pride.

Yet e'en civilization there
Has borne the shuttle and the share ;
The barb'rous glebe its sternness yields,
And yellow crops adorn the fields :
Culture and Commerce, hand in hand,
Perambulate the grateful strand ;
Beneath their smile young cities grow,
And forests quit the plains below ;
Th' astonish'd tribes their haunts forsake,
And to the light of reason wake.

Amidst a gum-tree's leafy shade,
In youthful vigour, undecay'd,
Two slothful Koolahs sought retreat
From fierce December's scorching heat ;
Wrapp'd in each other's arms, they lay,
From morn to night, from day to day ;
The shelt'ring leaves supply'd them food,
And nothing broke the solitude.

Listless they slept, and thoughtless fed,
And the fork'd branches form'd their bed.
But ah! these pleasures perish'd soon,
Before the wintry blasts of June,
The withering storm each charm bereaves,
The gum-tree lost its friendly leaves,
Their wasted food the Sloths bewail,
And shiver in the piercing gale.
" Alas!" said one, " how chang'd the scene!
" The landscape smiles no more in green;
" No more the summer's charm appears,
" The wood a dreary aspect wears;
" Above, below, afar, around,
" Clouds veil the skies, frosts cramp the ground,
" The gum-tree yields no fresh supply,
" Here have we liv'd, here must we die."

A Kangaroo, which pass'd beneath,
Heard the dull Sloth his wailings breathe;

And as the Koolah ceas'd his cry,
The active beast thus made reply—
“ If indolence well merits death,
“ How justly you resign your breath!
“ Fool that you are, to waste your pow'rs,
“ And doze away your youthful hours:
“ To spend the summer-months in sleep,
“ And, when they vanish, wail and weep.
“ Did industry your actions guide,
“ How easy were your wants supply'd.
“ Say, why were youth and summer giv'n,
“ The first, the happiest gifts of heaven?
“ But to provide an ample store,
“ When youth and summer smile no more.
“ The tender hands which scorn to toil,
“ Lest labour should their beauty spoil,
“ Must not expect, in age, to share
“ The produce of industrious care.

“ Thus wisely Providence ordains
“ The meed of commendable pains,
“ That he who toils, in time of need,
“ When others starve, shall amply feed.”

FINIS.



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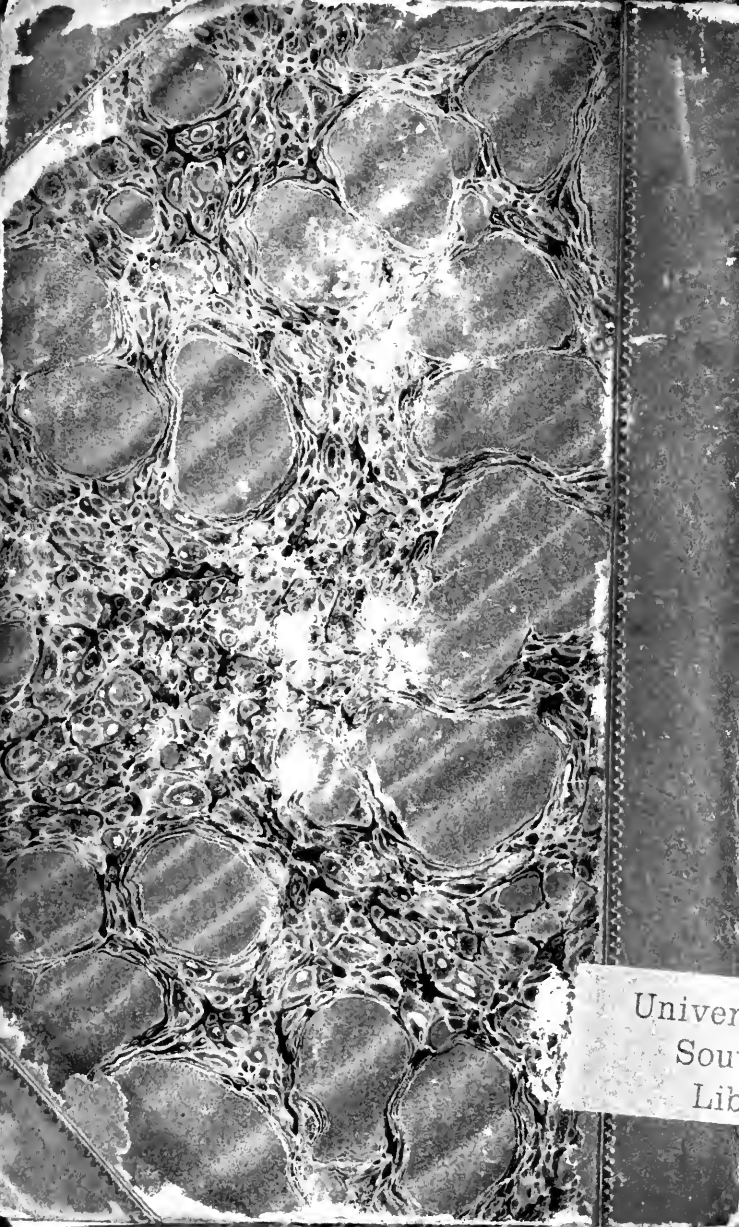
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